Heavens Light/Hellfire

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Heavens Light/Hellfire

by Toki_Wrights

Summary

Hannibal and Will go out for lunch and discuss some thing's.

Day 2

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Hannibal groaned as he shook himself awake. At some point during the night he had changed back and flipped over ontop of Will. Said man was breathing deeply beneath him, his hands wrapped around Hannibals back and their legs tangled together. Hannibal wasn't sure what time it was, but judging by the sun low in the sky he had enough time to get back into town before the conference started for that day. Will didn't stir beneath him when he tried waking him, so carefully Hannibal disentangled himself from Will, and stood up.

His knees cracked as he did so and he gave a slight wince before stretching and popping his limbs. Once he was done he looked around and at himself, buck naked in the middle of the woods, and mostly wondered were his shoes had gone, as he couldn't remember if he had left the house with them on last night. Whatever the case may be, he headed back towards the house, or more accurately, followed the trail the two of them had taken last night. He headed towards the path of destruction and snapped branches and trampled undergrowth.

It took a long time to reach the house, much longer than he thought it would have, then again, he wasn't sure how long or far he had ran last night. Will's dogs crowded around him in askance of their owner as he walked inside and let them out. His shoes were, in fact, sitting by the door. His clothes from last night were trash and he treated them as such, throwing them into the rubbish bin before looking around the house, searching until he found Wills room, and more importantly, his dresser.

He dug through Will's clothes and settled on a pair of sweatpants and a plain white shirt before pulling them on and walking back to the kitchen and letting the dogs in. He rifled through the fridge a bit, looking for things to make a simple protein scramble. Once he was done making it, using a little of last night's meat, and had finished eating he dug around Will's cupboards untill he found some simple plastic Tupperware and put the other half in it. He left it our on the counter, he didn't think Will would be gone from his home that much longer, and left a note ontop of it.

Dear Will,

Thank you for the wonderful evening, I would love to have your company again sometime soon. Please give me a text or call if so desired. I made a simple protein scramble with our catch from last night and implore you to have some.

Love, Hannibal.

The 'Love Hannibal' may have been a touch to forward, but if Hannibals instincts were correct, and they almost always were, he and Will would be seeing much, much more of each other.

He hoped at least.

He got into his car and made his way back into the city, ignoring the receptionists knowing look as he walked into the hotel with bite marks all up and down his body. He was great full for his suits not for the first time, as they would hide the love bites, especially the deepest one on his neck, the one that ached when he thought of Will and seeped a feeling of need for the

man from it. It was still sluggishly bleeding, drops of blood welling up from it every once and a while.

Inspecting it once he was out of the shower, Hannibal gingerly prodded it. It was puffy and unhealed in a way that none of the other bites or injuries he had ever gotten were, and it made him think that yes, he was correct. He knew he had probably been played, he wasn't naive enough to think he had control in that situation, a thought that when associated with Will made his knees weak. He didn't mind however, he was happy to steer the ship further and further towards the rocks, whatever they may be, whatever it was that Will was baiting him to. He was happy to stay with Will.

Once he was done, he slipped on his shirt, enjoying the way it scrapped over the bite, and finished getting ready for the day. He had just gotten into his cat to head to the conference when he got a message on his phone In the now personalized ring tone.

Will: its awfully rude to ditch like that, don't you know? Especially after you bit me like that.

Hannibal: Apologies, I'm in Louisiana for a conference that I am very much expected to attend, however, I would love to meet you for lunch if possible, dinner works as well, although Alana and Margot had plans with me.

Hannibal: However, I'm sure if they knew I was going to see you they would be just fine with my disappearance.

Will: Then I expect you to take me out for lunch.

Hannibal: Gladly.

Hannibal smiled as he drove to the conference center, although that smile was quickly wiped off his face once he found one Fredrick Chilton conversing with Alana. Truly, the man didn't know when to let something go, and he didn't seem to care that Alana was the entirely wrong pond to drown in. He tried skirting around the man while not catching Alanas eye, if she saw him, he would be dragged into the conversation purely to elevate her frustration. Unfortunately, whether for him or Frederick, Alana did spot him and very, very, very loudly called out his name.

Traitor.

"Hannibal! You should come and join us! Dr. Chilton here was just telling me about...?" She cut herself off in what Chilton clearly thought was a que for him to begin speaking when really she just haven't been paying attention to what he said.

"Pure empathy." Dr. Chilton finished.

Hannibal tensed up slightly at Chiltons words. He knew there wasn't anything ment by it, that Chilton would never even consider a fortune-teller to have such a thing, and yet. He knew, and still, fear washed over him in a way that made his head spin like it hadn't in decades. He hadn't ever felt real fear, but the thought of Will getting taken away from him, especially for scientific studies, was horrible.

"So what do you think?" Chilton said.

Hannibal blinked down at him. "Pardon?" Dr. Chilton huffed and began again.

"I was saying that studying and writing a book on an empath would be the deal of the century with how much there is on disorders such a those."

"Hmm, certainly, of course, you first have to find one and then he or she has to agree, which I don't think they would." Hannibal replied politely, intending to escape the conversation as soon as possible.

"Who says they have to agree?" Chilton laughs at his own joke and Alana titters politely. Hannibal would normally join in, he wasn't one to enjoy the ways of not having a hefty fine of malpractice under their belt, but it was different this time, there was nothing ment by it and yet that was his lovely Will they were talking about in a way. Instead, he frowned, and Chilton seemed to notice for once that something was amiss, because he slowly patterned out, raising an eyebrow towards Hannibal.

"Something to add, Dr. Lector?"

"It's only, if we're talking about true empathy, wouldn't that ruin the study?" He asked.

Chilton nodded sagely, as if he knew anything about the topic beyond his own half baked theories and the miniscule amount of research articles on empathy disorders such as that one. "Of course, however, I would never even consider such a thing, I am an upstanding and morally just doctor after all." He smiled at his own joke, and Hannibal did as well, though he knew very well that they were about different things. It was frankly ridiculous that this man thought he was a doctor, let alone a good one. If it wasn't for how utterly and stupidly blind everyone else was, they would have realized that by now. They were all a group of peafowl, strutting around to see who had the biggest train. Don't get him wrong, Hannibal loved living luxuriously, and he had one of the biggest trains of them all, it was only that they were all so blindsided by the others floundering and fanaticism and praises to pay attention to any of the big game. One day, he was going to eat Dr. Chilton, once he could get away with it and not come under fire in anyway, including being questioned as a friend. Miriam Lass was, well, a bright lass but hopefully the last one, besides his dear Will of course.

"Aren't we all, Dr. Chilton." He preened at the use of his title from a man like him, what he believed to be a great sign of respect, however unrespectful of a tone was used.

"Oh! Hannibal!" Alana cut in and he glared at her, he was not a fan of her tone. "Dr. Chilton was just inviting me to lunch earlier! We would both love to have you I'm sure!" Unfortunately for her, despite her attempts to glare him into submission to help ease the pain of going on a lunch date with the insufferable doctor, he already had plans.

"On any other day I would love to, however, I already have plans for lunch." Alana looked at him in surprise while Dr. Chilton laughed.

"My, my Hannibal, the good doctor already wooing someone here in New Orleans for a week of fun?" Dr. Chilton smirked at him while Alana was doing her best impression of a fish.

Hannibal smiled at her plesently, "I belive you've already met him, Alana." She gasped.

"No!" She was smiling however, trying not to laugh.

He nodded back at her, "Yes."

She gave him a light punch on his shoulder before laughing into her hands, "Hannibal I cannot belive you!"

Chilton raised an eyebrow at him. "If this is the reaction the lovely miss Dr. Bloom is having, I insist upon meeting this man."

Hannibal shook his head. "Unfortunately, it was just going to be the two of us, I'll have to ask about him joining us for lunch another day." Inwardly he seathed. He didn't want Chilton to meet his dear Will, ever. No matter the circumstances.

Eventually they parted ways and he was finally relieved of the curse that was Dr. Chilton. The man genuinely was not horrible, he only didn't know his place in the world, Hannibal could not fault him for that, although there were plenty of other things he could fault him for. He was glad Bedelia was retired and no longer came to these things, one run in with someone he knew was enough. He didn't dislike abedelia either, only he would much rather play mind games with her in the comfort of her own home.

As soon as the morning session was done he sent a text to Will:

Hannibal: You are at you place of work are you not?

Will: What's with the formal texting? And yes I am at my 'place of work'.

Hannibal: Then I shall pick you up from there? I'm afraid to admit I don't know New Orleans well, so I'll have to rely on you for were we will go to eat.

Will: I'll dish out some ideas when yoy get here.

Hannibal smiled and put his phone away, only to be met with Alanas charming face.

"I cannot belive you slept with the cute fortune-teller guy, let alone going on a date with him!" She didn't sound upset, mostly amused, which he was greatful for.

"For all you know I'm planning on stealing him away back to Baltimore."

She barked out a laugh, "Ha! Good luck with that. And good luck on your date." She smiled and walked off, leaving him wondering how to explain to her that he was sure he had somehow accidentally gotten married to him last night.

When he reached Will's building the man was waiting outside for him, hands shoved into his pockets pushing his flannel put of the way. Smirking he pushed open the passenger side door and leaned toward Will.

"Going my way?" Will stared at him I'm shocked disbelief before shaking his head and getting into the car, shutting the door behind him. "I can't belive I ever thought yoy were classy." He grumbled as he got his seat belt on and Hannibal pouted at him.

"But I am classy!"

Will gave him an unimpressed stare. "Just drive."

"Alright! Alright." He threw the car into gear and made his way out of the parking lot and onto the streets. He dutifully followed Will's instructions and looked on mildly distastefully at the hole in the restaurant Will had guided them to.

"I promise, they have some of the best food that wasn't human that I have ever tasted. Don't you know that the blink and you miss it hole in the wall places are the best?"

Hannibal snorted, "They're either the best food you've ever had, or they give you the best food poisoning you've ever had." Will laughed as he got out of the car.

"I guess you've got a point there." They walked in, Will snorting and holding his head high with false regalness when he held the door open for him. Hannibal followed him inside, crowding up behind him as they walked and putting a hand around the other man's waist. Will led them to a table at the back corner of the restaurant and a minute latter a very haggard looking but smiling waiter came up to them.

"Can I get you anything to drink?"

"Water, please."

"Can I get a coke?"

The waiter nodded and left them to look over the menu of Cajun and sea food. They gave her their orders when she returned, well, Hannibal gave her his order and Will said "What I always get." Which answered the question of how often he came here. Clearly he was familiar enough with the wait staff.

"So you're here for the psych convention?"

"Yes, I am."

Will nodded. "Well this is going to suck, your here for a weak and then you'll leave for Baltimore."

Hannibal nodded. "I quite enjoy Baltimore, and to change my hunting grounds now would be suspicious."

Will hummed in agreement. "We gave each other bites, something we really should have talked about doing before it was to late, but oh well, I guess you just stuck with me darlin'." He twirled his glass of soda around in his hand as he spoke, God did Hannibal already love those hands.

"What exactly does a 'bite' entail?" Hannibal didn't know everything about the practice, he hadn't met anyone else before to tell him about it, so he was walking in blind here.

"It's a connection of a sort, let's us 'feel' each other from mules away, it... atunes us to each other In a eay." Hannibal nodded along, it was what he expected, what he thought it ment anyway. There was now a little place for Will carved out in the back of his head that if he really, really focused on he could feel in a way. Not anything definite, not like thought sharing or anything, more like, a subtle awareness of the others well being.

"However, at least for the first year or so, we'll also want to be relatively close to each other, not like, next to each other constantly, but if you went back to Baltimore you would constantly be on edge and itching to come back here, it just makes things really uncomfortable, and of course, being away from me for to long with no contact of any kind does evenly make the bite fade." Will smiled sadly, "of course, I don't expect you to stay, you have a life and practice up in Baltimore and this was all mostly accidental, so I won't like, hate you forever if you would rather break the bond." Hannibal stared at Will in shock, he didn't know what he had done to make the man think he would give him up, Hannibal might not make attachments spontaneously, but once he had them, he didn't let them go.

Ever.

"I do have to go back to Baltimore," he agreed and Will pushed his lips, staring down at his glass of dark sticky brown carbonated monstrosity, "but I do not wish to break the bond between us." Will's head snapped up so he could look at him.

"...What?"

They were interrupted by their food arriving, the waited smiling and saying goodbye to Will as she left. As soon as she was gown Hannibal continued, "I don't form attachments easily, but when I do, I don't let them go, Will." Will stared at him in shock.

"But, you do know that I used my siren mumbo jumbo to lure you in, right?" Hannibal smiled.

"Oh my dear Will, it was entirely resistable, I simply wanted to be there." Will choked out a laugh.

"Oh sure, that's what they all say." He rolled his eyes.

"And even if that is the case, I truly don't mind, I found it exciting, I would not mind being under you again, Will." Said man proceeded to die on his food, hacking into his fist and slamming his other against his chest. Several other patrons looked at them funny while Hannibal watched Will choke on his food with a pleased little smile. When Will was finally done and had swallowed he looked at him incredulously

"Why would you say that?" His voice was a little high and raspy from having inhaled his food down the ring pipe.

Hannibal blinked innocently, "Say what, dear Will?"

Will looked at him, outrage on his face, "God, I might break the bond if you continue like that." He grumbled after a while.

Hannibal stiffened in his seat. "You... would you actually?" Will looked up at him and sighed.

"No, Hannibal."

Hannibal nodded, "Good, thats..that's... thats good."

"We should probably figure out what we're going to do now." Will growled.

Hannibal put his hand over Wills on the table and squeezed it. "We don't have ro do that right now, we can wait till later."

He wasn't sure when later would be, and neither was Will, but they were both sure it would be a good later.

End Notes

Again, I know nothing about Louisiana. I'm going to have all the works titles be Disney villain songs in no particular order orargument, just some of my faves. I know this one is shorter, sorry for no smut, there will be more later, but I was planning on having this be at least seven parts, one for each day, and then maybe more later that followed more along cannon timeline? I'm trying to get maybe a bit of plot here, but if people just want seven days of fucking, uh, woops, but I'll listen to you from here on out?

This one took a lit longer to Write because I wasn't sure what was going to happen, the same will probably happen for the next ones to, womp womp, I also got majorly stuck right before they walked into the restaurant and I still hate myself :')

As always, unbetad and as always, my phone is evil :D

Also, is there anything in terms of amut people want to see? I'm open to trying anything, no matter how kinky, and I wo t deny there's some things I wouldn't mind adding, but I would rather follow the people's suggestions than scare them off.

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